

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,  
By RUSSELL BATON,  
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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## MAINE FARMER.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Wet Falls make poor Sheep.

We have heard a good deal of complaint this fall that sheep are leaner than common in our vicinity, and the cause of it has been attributed to wet weather.

It is important for farmers to examine into this fact, and if their flocks exhibit any failing off in flesh, or any diminution of vigor, it would be well to shift them from a moist to a drier pasture, and perhaps give them some extra care for feed, and mayhap a little provender. It is easier putting sheep into a condition now to winter well, by having them come to the barn by and by in good condition, than it is to turn them and feed them extra, after they have come to their winter quarters, and the snows and cold are preventing their thriving.

Some of our farmers are diminishing their flocks, discouraged by the low price of wool and the signs of the times. It is best to move cautiously and keep as stable as possible in this business, consistent with prudence and good economy. It is true the woolen horizon looks rather murky, and the political "Seers" tell diverse stories according to the spirit which prompts their divination. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and it will be time enough to "lay the axe" to the head of the sheep, when the death warrant shall have passed that assembly of sense and folly, reason and insanity, called Congress. If we were permitted to advise, we would say keep on "the even tenor of your way." Kill no sheep but the old and the invalid. Sell none to the butcher but such as you have selected yourself and fattened for him. Breed from the best you can find, and be not too niggardly in your endeavors and expenditure in finding the best.

It would be strange indeed if all kinds of business should always be good, and it would be still more strange if wool growing should not have to suffer its reverses as well as other business. These reverses should not discourage too much, but teach us to look out and prepare for them, and arrange matters in such a way that when the times turn favorable, you will not have to incur too much expense in order to reap its advantages.

### Quinces in Maine.

We wish to ascertain to what extent quinces have been raised in Maine. Some were exhibited the other day, at the Kennebec County Agricultural Society's Show, raised in Readfield; and we have been told that they have been successfully cultivated, for a series of years, on a farm in Leeds, belonging, or formerly belonging, to Mr. Caswell.

If any of our readers can give us further information on this subject, they will confer a favor, not only upon us, but many others. It has been thought that our winters were a little too severe for this fruit—that the frosts would kill too much of the previous summer's growth, and thus keep the tree constantly in the dwarf state, and prevent the formation of fruit. If there is any peculiar mode required to obviate these troubles, if they exist, we should like to learn them. The fruit, it is well known, is much sought after for making preserves, and meets with a ready sale, and a good price in the markets.

Curious Mode of Calculating the Probable Yield of Wheat.

It is a very good proverb, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched," and though the chances of disappointment in regard to crops are not always as great as in unhatched chickens, yet it may apply pretty well to them. As some people are oftentimes curious to know what will probably be the amount of their wheat crop, and as it may sometimes be desirable to come to some conclusion in regard to the crop before it is harvested, we will give the following mode, sometimes practiced in England and in other parts of Europe, for that purpose.

About the time the wheat is blooming, generally about the beginning of June, (winter wheat in England,) a person will go round with a gauge secured in a hollow cane, which forms, when opened, a triangle, and represents a certain portion of an acre of ground. This is placed over various portions of the standing crop, in the best and in the worst parts of the field. The number of ears of wheat comprised within the triangle, is counted, and the probable quality of the grain is taken into calculation, according as the spring has been wet or dry. On the former supposition the grain is likely to shrink; on the latter, to harden and come out plump.

It may be observed, that if there has been a good general rain during the last ten days of April, and the first ten days of May, on the average no more wet is required in that climate, (England,) for wheat. An expert gauger will form a very accurate estimate of the probable produce of a given district, by this method."

### Gathering and Preserving Winter Apples.

This is a subject of no small importance to many farmers in Maine. We copy the following from the *Genesee Farmer*, which we suppose is from the pen of Mr. Barry, the Editor of the Horticultural Department in that valuable paper. "Apples intended for keeping, should be allowed to remain in the tree until severe frosts are apprehended, or until they begin to ripen or drop.

# MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1845.

NO. 44.

### Industry and Economy.

L. TUCKER, Esq.—Several years ago, on a cold day in November, public business called me to the house and farm of Mr. DUDLEY CHASE, then and still residing in the town of Winchester, in this state. I was so highly pleased with the amount of labor performed in doors and out, with the help employed, that I then made memorandums of the same in writing, and think it worthy of a place in your very worthy agricultural journal. I have no doubt of the truth of what I state, although it may seem extraordinary. The work was none of it slighted, but was all, in doors and out, done in an excellent manner, and in due season.

They should then be carefully picked from the tree with the hand, and placed gently in baskets, the least carelessness now wounds and bruises fruit, in such a way as may in a great measure lose the crop.

The apples, when picked by hand from the tree into new barrels. When the barrel is full it should gently shaken, and it should be so full that the cover will press closely the fruit. They should then be placed in a dry cool place, until it is time to remove them to the cellar. This is similar to the mode pursued in this State for the preservation of apples.

### Cattle Show of the County of Kennebec, Me.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of this month, we attended the Kennebec Show at Readfield, about twelve miles west of Hallowell, having been requested by the Committee of the Society to address the members on this occasion.

Wednesday was fair and a charming day. The farmers turned out in great numbers and entered fully into the spirit of the Show. The Kennebec farmer is proud of his ox team, and well he may be, for we know not where we could travel to find its equal. We have seen at the exhibitions in the counties of Essex, Plymouth, Bristol, Middlesex, Worcester and Hampshire, in our own State. But we have seen no ox team equal in number, size and symmetry of form, taken altogether, to the team at Readfield.

The truth is the farmers in that county have turned their attention to this object. They breed cattle for the eastern market, for the lumber business, and large and powerful cattle only are wanted.

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**THE DEBTOR'S PRISON IN PARIS.** is described by the foreign correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, as follows:

The Prison for Debtors is situated in the Rue de Clichy, a retired quarter, where most of the English population live. To be a candidate for admission to this Retreat, a debt of thirty dollars, in the case of a foreigner, is a necessary qualification. It must be payable to the original creditor; and the candidate must be under seventy years of age. No person can be arrested on a Sunday, or sete day: or in any place of religious worship, or of the constituted authorities; or in any private house, if admittance is refused; or between sunset and sunrise. These popular enactments naturally cause many debtors from England to take refuge in this city. The creditor who puts a man in prison, must make a monthly advance of his board at the rate of six dollars per month; neglecting which, only for a day, the debtor is set at liberty. The doors are opened to him at a fixed time, in proportion to the amount of the debt, and the creditor has no further power to again confine him, the debt being thus legally cancelled. Imprisonment for a debt less than one hundred dollars ceases in two years; in four years for \$200—and in ten years for all sums above a thousand. The lot of these individuals is not very unfortunate. They are deprived of liberty indeed; but they pass a life of ease at the cost of others, and, judging from their faces, I imagine they have a merry time of it. Notwithstanding the universal cry for freedom, men in all countries are ever ready enough to sell it; the only question being about the price. The twenty cents a day are given directly to the debtor, with which sum he is to provide himself with food and lodging. The government charges him six cents a day for his room, furnished with a bed, two tables and three chairs. One would think it would puzzle him to keep house with the small remainder of this sum, even with an allowance of a sufficient length of tether to enable him to do his marketing himself. But most of them have money at command, or friends, who come to see them, laden with provisions. Should no such providential manna be deposited for their gathering, they still can manage to keep the great enemy of hunger at bay, and even pass the time quite comfortably.

The whole interior administration is vested in a Committee of Ways and Means, elected by the prisoners. A republican government is thus, you observe, already established in the heart of France. This Board have a table d'Hôte, where all, who wish can take their meals at a stipulated sum per day. They have also a spacious kitchen, and grant every one the privilege of cooking whatever he chooses for two cents daily, which is ascertained to remunerate them for the charcoal used. They have, beside, some property, which belongs to the prisoners; such as a billiard table, a nine pin alley, and other things which they let to those who have money they can spare, at the rate, for instance, of two cents for thirty rolls at the aleys. The friends of the prisoners are likewise allowed to spend their time with them from 10 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. of every day. Each one has his room, which is furnished by himself or friends with various degrees of luxury according to his ability of taste. A fine garden, adorned with trees and flowers, affords an agreeable promenade; and no labor is exacted, but every one consumes his time precisely as he pleases. Many individuals might employ themselves as well within these walls as without; tailors for instance. And so might the poet, the flight of whose fancy is not to be hemmed in by stone partitions. I mean this hint for his particular benefit, for though the poet's corner may be after death in some grand old Westminster Abbey, it is notwithstanding in his life time apt to be the inglorious debtor's prison. This, the only Institution for the confinement of debtors in the city, is capable of containing four hundred individuals; but at present encloses only one hundred men and eight women.

**A NOBLE SOLDIER LIVING IN DOVER, N. H.** The oldest survivor in the present catalogue of Harvard University, is Dr. Ezra Green, of Dover, N. H. says the Courier. He was born in Malden, Mass., June 17, 1746, and graduated in 1765, eighty years ago this summer. He joined the New Hampshire regiment in the revolutionary army as a surgeon in June, 1775, and continued till the last of December, 1776; in the meantime, having gone by the way of North River to Montreal, and joined the army on its retreat before the enemy, as they advanced from Quebec. In October, 1777, he enlisted as surgeon on board the Ranger, of 18 guns, Captain Paul Jones. He was on board that vessel when the attempt was made to capture the Earl of Selkirk, and in the action with the Drake. He returned to America in the Ranger, in October, 1778, under the command of Captain Simpson—Jones remaining in France. In the spring of 1779, he went on a cruise with Captain Simpson in the Ranger, in company with the Providence and the Queen of France. These three vessels fell in with six brigs loaded with salt, under convoy of a brig of 14 guns, and took them all and brought them into Portsmouth, N. H., after an absence of three weeks.

Shortly afterwards the same vessels made another cruise; fell in with a large Jamaican fleet "homeward bound," loaded with rum, sugar, logwood, pimento, &c., and captured eight of them, seven of which they succeeded in getting into the port of Boston. As they approached the harbor, the house tops were crowded with people, alarmed at the sight of ten large ships coming up, supposing them to be a British fleet. The next year Dr. Green went out in a privateer, and subsequently a letter of Marque. He now resides at Dover, 99 years old on the 28th of June last. [Dover Gazette.]

**MR. WEBSTER'S EULOGY.** At a meeting of the Suffolk Bar, Mr. Webster pronounced a brief, but very beautiful and impressive eulogy on the lamented Judge Story. The following is the concluding paragraph, reported in the Daily Advertiser:

"One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every man to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest of all relations, the relation between the creature and his creator. This relation the deceased always acknowledged. He revered the Scriptures of truth, he received from them this lesson, and submitted himself in all things to the will of Providence. His career on the earth was well sustained. To the last hour of his life, his faculties remained unimpaired, and the lamp went out at

the close undimmed, and without flickering or obscurity. His last words which were heard by mortal ears, were a fervent supplication to his Maker to take him to himself."

The New Bedford Mercury contains the report of Swine, made to the Agricultural Society of Bristol County, at the late celebration. It is from the pen of J. H. W. Page, chairman of the committee, and is a document of much pith and humor. We give the close of the report:

"Follow one of them on his career. As he emerges from his mother's care, with the maternal injunction, 'root, hog, or die,' after brief but vigorous devotion to the sport and frolic of youth, how easy and graceful the transition to early hoodoo.

"As his days advance, how absorbing his devotion to his being's great end and aim—the taking on of fat! How his nasal qualities are developed! how fit for the delicate attentions of his keeper in cleansing his skin with suds or buttermilk! how great his gratitude for the gentle shampooing of his back!"

As his time draws near, contrast him with the sportive, thoughtless, straw-tossing individual you saw him a few months ago. How contemplative and philosophic he grows. He appears to be both an Epicurean and a Stoic. One would judge that he had, from long contemplation, made up his mind to die with the calmness and dignity of a Caesar. But these appearances are deceptive. This point has puzzled your Committee not a little. There is either great positiveness or a deep unfathomed philosophy about the hog; and upon great deliberation your Committee are inclined to the latter opinion; but after all, they must leave it as a still motioned question, and recommend its careful consideration to the society. But the fact is, when the water and the tub and the knife are ready, the hog's philosophy seems to fail. The poet says that

'Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.'

But that was but the playing of the smallest breeze among the strings of the Aeolian harp, compared to the shriek of the 400 pound and but now apparently Stoical porker, as he is hurried by two butchers at his ears and one at his tail to the place of sacrifice.

But let the veil be drawn over the scene, and view him as with stout toward earth and tail toward heaven, with all his inward beauties revealed, he hangs by the gambrel, changed from hog to pork!

PORK! How suggestive of savory sausages, of racy steaks and juicy spare-rib! How callous it up to the mind's eye the plump, round and delicious ham; the boiled mingled fat and lean, garnished with cauliflower or cabbage; and the crisp and brown baked, entwined amidst envious and admiring beans!

We should not venture on these tantalizing visions if this worshipful company were not just well fed; and even now, as it is out of place to let the imagination run riot on a serious business occasion like this, we beg pardon.

But to return to our fat and well dressed hog; who can wonder that, with all his anticipations of roast, and boiled, and broiled, and baked, and fried, with such a sight before him, the lordly Byron, 'his eye in fine frenzy rolling,' should joyfully exclaim—

"Tis Great but living Grease no more."

But lest while we indulge our enthusiasm on soups and pigs, you should think us great bores, we bring this report to a close."

**TAKE MY HAT.**—An enthusiastic New Yorker lately made a visit to the Lakes, and after witnessing a storm on old Ontario found himself safe and sound on the brink of the mighty cataract. What did he there is thus related by the Rochester American:

"On the morning of our arrival, we proceeded to the American fall, not a word was said by our companion. We next went to the Horse-shoe fall, and after gazing for some minutes upon its untold sublimity, each seemed anxious to hear an expression of the first impressions of our hero. He stood like a statue, perfectly motionless. I saw the blood rushing to his head. His eyes and face assumed a most fearful expression. I started towards him—not a little alarmed, and was about to take his arm, when he suddenly raised his hand to his head, violently throwing its covering into the cataract, exclaiming 'there—take my hat!'

**WHALING CRUSERS.** A gentleman from New Bedford, assured us a few days since, that one ship belonging to that place had made four successive and successful cruises after whales within eight years, and had brought home upward of thirteen thousand barrels of oil. The crew consisted of thirty men, and during that period no spirits of any kind had been allowed on board as a beverage on any occasion, nor had any man died of disease, or been seriously sick, or met with any accident, except in one instance, when one of the men in a boat, after a whale had been struck, was dragged out of the boat by the sight of the line catching around his leg, and hurried downward with great velocity. While in this awkward and somewhat novel predicament, he seized his knife and cut the line, but to his disappointment it proved to be that part of the line which was attached to the boat! Finding himself still carried down by a force which he could not resist, he made another attempt, and fortunately succeeded in severing the line which tied him to the whale, when he ascended to the surface, puffing and blowing "very like a whale," and soon rescued by his companions, without having experienced essential injury! [Boston Jour.]

**A CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT.**—Prince Puckler Muskau, in one of his interesting books of travel, says, and truly, that what contributes much to the dullness of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen show to addressing an unknown person; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility; but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers. There is a story that a lady saw a man fall into the water, and earnestly entreated the dandy who accompanied her, and who was a unusually good swimmer, to save his life. Her friend raised his *lorgnette* with the phlegm indispensable to a man of fashion, looked earnestly at the drowning man, whose head rose for the last time, and calmly replied, "It's impossible, madam; I never was introduced to that gentleman."

**CORNWALLIS MUSTER AT ROXBURY.**—The Boston Sun, of Saturday, says "the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, was celebrated yesterday at Roxbury, and drew together an immense crowd of all descriptions and colors, anxious to witness a fac simile of the way in which our Revolutionary fathers taught the haughty Briton obedience to American valor, and bow in submissio to its will, which was as immovable as the granite hills, being founded upon human rights."

We regret to state that in the excitement of the skirmish between the English and Americans, Capt. Coyle, of the Massachusetts Guards, of Cambridge, who represented Gen. Washington, was accidentally shot by the discharge of a gun which was loaded with buckshot, the contents of which passed through the fleshly part of his cheeks and forehead, badly mutilating him, though not endangering his life. This catastrophe was rather a sad enlargement upon the occurrences intended to be commemorated—for though a portion of Gen. Washington's dress was once perforated by a bullet, yet he was never wounded.

**MUTTON.**—Colman in his work of European Agriculture, speaking of English mutton, says—"Mutton is always the prevailing meat in market, for this seems to be the favorite dish on English tables. It is a remarkable fact, that mutton is the prevalent dish at the public schools and colleges. At the Blue Coat school in London, for example, it is the sole meat for the eight hundred boys, four or five days out of seven. The same is the case, I am told, at Eton; and this not, as I supposed, from its comparative cheapness, but from experience, and the opinion of medical men, that it is the most wholesome diet, and least likely to interfere with intellectual application and health."

## Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1845.

**Probate Notices.** Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

**Job Work.** of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Nations." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

**JOTTINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.—No. 6.**  
BY A STRAGGLING EDITOR.

UTICA, Sept. 18, 1845.

*Dear Pub. and P. D.'s:*

On the third day of the Show, as soon as it was known what animals had taken the premiums, the prize animals were led out from the stanchions to the ground, and most of them labelled 1st, 2d or 3d, according to the quality which, in the judgment of the committee, they in fact were. This gave every one an opportunity to examine them, and to see the *elite* of the barnyard nobility in a select party together. But we are getting ahead of our story. We promised you an account of the oxen, horses, hogs and poultry. Well, then, *as touching* the oxen. There were some noble cattle on the ground. Ten yokes from Genesee, sent by Mr. Wadsworth, were first rate. They would put you in mind of the crack oxen raised in Fayette, in the west part of Kennebec. They were similar in size and form, and were probably grade Durhams. We saw none on the ground, and indeed none anywhere in our rambles, equal to the fat cattle owned by J. H. Underwood of Fayette. The cattle appeared to be well disciplined, but it would amuse you to see the arms with which a Western Yorker drives his team. It is made of a slender stick, say six feet long, to which is attached a heavy whip-lash, some three or four feet long, which weapon it requires both hands to use, and you would think when you saw him coming, flourishing it about, he thought he had a drove of mad elephants to whip into a line, instead of a harmless yoke of oxen. We commend to them the light ox-goad of the "Up Easter," which Yankees ingeniously converts also into a wood rule, or walking stick, as occasion requires.

And now for the Horses. There was a very good display of them and of all sorts too, from the long, lank, bony, muscular Greyhound of a turf horse, to the more solid and compact roadster. There were two English Dray Horses, large and heavy, with back and loins as broad as the deck of a small "man-o'-war's-man," and legs that would make a rhinoceros "sing small" and blush for the delicacy of his limbs. If a man wanted to "move meeting houses" for a living, he had better get a span of them. Sampson, exhibited by Corning & Sothern, weighs 1700 lbs. We were much amused by the rivalry displayed by the two grooms that had charge of these two mountains of horse flesh. Each condidered his the best nag, and after bantering one another on the respective beauty, and size and strength, they got up a bet on their speed and actually left the ground together for the purpose of having a race. Who came out victorious we did not hear; but we are pretty certain that whichever of them did, it must have been, not because his horse was the most swift, but the other the most slow.

We were somewhat disappointed in the exhibition of "Empire" hogs. New York has so long been the *mart*, the very *Eldorado* of hogdom, and the source from which for a few years past our farmers obtained their choice breeds, that we expected to see the *ne-plus ultra* of hog-beauty, the very sight of which would so delight and satisfy a hungry man that he wouldn't need grey again for a fortnight. Now what was the instruction conveyed to the mind of the boy? He was in the first place instructed to attribute the cause of his accident to a very wrong source, and to one which could not possibly have exercised any agency in it, instead of showing him that it was in consequence of his own carelessness. This renders him selfish and conceited, and closes his mind against any proper reflection and future caution in such cases, and learns him to attribute all his misfortunes through life to the misconduct of some one else, never once thinking that his own dear self can be in fault. In the second place, she hired him to do what it was his duty to do, and what he ought to have been made to do without reward. This strengthened his propensity to evil, and engendered in his mind many bad inclinations. In the third place, she taught him to be deceitful, which is an evil so common among mankind, and of so glaring a nature, that great care should be taken to keep it from the infantile mind. And last, but not least, she instructed him to tell what was absolutely false, which is one of the worst propensities to which children can possibly be addicted. It is common with Mrs. P. to make promises to her children which she does not expect to perform—and thereby learning them to do the same.

If she is admonished that her course with her children will have an influence on their lives when they become men and women, she will tell you that they are so young that they will not remember what is told them now. But this is a sad mistake. The precepts that are early impressed upon the minds of children, grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength. They in fact become their very life, and are manifested in all their actions.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines."

Now let us inquire how many mothers there be who are following the example of Mrs. P., and at the same time believing that they are pursuing a course that will result in the best good of their children. And when we inquire for the cause of this, we find it in the want of proper education of mothers. Those who have daughters who are becoming of marriageable age should look well to these things. Missionaries and ministers may preach, philanthropists may write, but on the young mothers of the present day depends the virtue and morality of the next generation.

**Reminiscences of Rural Scenes.** It was a rainy day. The soft April showers fell gently, and with refreshing influence kissed the pale earth into greenness and vegetation. The slow patterning of the rain-drops seemed to touch a tender chord in the heart which vibrates but to fine issues. The general stillness too, invited to meditative thoughts: for fear of intruding upon which, even the shower seemed to sweep the earth with a more noiseless touch than it was wont; fowl and beast, grouped in covert in mute silence, enjoyed a short respite from their wayward wanderings, while man sought in the bosom of his own family, and by his own fireside, undisturbed, domestic felicity. I alone brooked the calm and sweet repose into which nature had fallen, in whose lap active life had sought a resting place. At such times I love to walk. Then, if there is a warm feeling in my heart, which the coldness of the world has not annihilated, it struggles into feeble action. I strayed some two or three miles to the margin of a small river, which had in former days been the scene of my childhood, boyish sports and pastimes. There the unpretending stream courses itself with the same quiet gurgling as of yore: the fields, just struggling into verdure, rose with the same gentle undulation as in olden times, and the sober rocks still lay in their respective places, silent monitors of the pleasing fact that I was in the land of my fathers; a land endeared to me by all the associations that then pourred themselves upon my mind: even the fleshly part of his cheeks and forehead, badly mutilating him, though not endangering his life.

After the address the reports of the several committees were made, and the "Show was over."

Thus passed away three happy days—days of which New York, nay, the whole nation, have reason to be proud; for though there was no pageantry of arms—none of the glitter and splendor, none of the pomp and circumstance of war, with which all gatherings of mankind used to be surrounded, there was that exhibited which proved the real and true strength of the people; and that incarnated which will increase and render that strength, we hope, as enduring as time. It drew together the farmers and mechanics, and the friends of the farmers and mechanics, from the whole length and breadth of the United States, from Maine to Missouri—from the Atlantic borders to the great lakes of the West, and even from the Canadas. They came together in "friendship, love and truth"—they formed acquaintances, they interchanged sentiments, and returned, we doubt not, happier and wiser. How much better are such meetings than the tilt and tournament of a former day—how much more profitable and cheering than the political mass gather-

ings of the present day. We would that all could have been there and enjoyed the scenes and whose walls had often resounded to the noisy glee of mature years. I looked—and where I expected to greet the well known figure, presenting the same familiar outline, nothing but a shapeless mass of ruins lay scattered upon the site. I turned my steps thither, that I might better, with natural vividness, call up the departed realities of the scene. I stood upon its timbers, and my heart overflowed with passionate feelings. I had heard the quiet mansion was to be demolished to satisfy the improving spirit of the times, but every surrounding object remained so perfectly unchanged, that I was unavoidably disappointed at not beholding it as I had left it. I never shall forget, tho' I cannot describe, my feelings then and there. I communed with departed years. Then thought I, the blessed home of infancy and childhood is forever passed away. No more will its walls wake the echo of joy and gladness. No more will its fire-side sparkle the reflected pleasure of its happy inmates. No more will its pleasant board anticipate the returning wants of its grateful inhabitants. The fire-side, in which my aged grand-sire used to sit and tell me stories of '68, of jack-horse, wooden guns and painted swords, is now a straggling heap of broken brick. The old-fashioned kitchen, where, in many a long winter's evening, the hours had been sweetly beguiled by "blind-man's buff," "pea, pea, fara plumb," and "catch the handkerchief"; the sleeping rooms, where young fancy had so often sweetened its repose by its midnight sportings; the chambers, grey and sober with age, which had so often witnessed with venerable gravity the frolics of childhood's elastic feelings, now lay in scattered boards and disordered fragments about me. I yet stood upon its decaying timbers. The rain was making its advances upon me and I noticed it not. A sacred awe stole unwarily upon my mind, and I yielded the full tribute of my heart's warmest feelings to departed endearments. Years have rolled away, and in their dim vista that familiar scene still paints itself upon my imagination. In nightly visions of the past, my wakeful fancy replaces me again amid the happy scenes, and again I live over the days of childhood. And now, when the pale outlines of two sainted spirits (a sister and grand-sire) sit before the path of my mighty meanderings, I always commune with them in that quiet, peaceful place—the mansion of my youthful days.

**Rambles—another look at the old mansion that had witnessed my infant prattlings, and whose walls had often resounded to the noisy glee of mature years. I looked—and where I expected to greet the well known figure, presenting the same familiar outline, nothing but a shapeless mass of ruins lay scattered upon the site. I turned my steps thither, that I might better, with natural vividness, call up the departed realities of the scene. I stood upon its timbers, and my heart overflowed with passionate feelings. I had heard the quiet mansion was to be demolished to satisfy the improving spirit of the times, but every surrounding object remained so perfectly unchanged, that I was unavoidably disappointed at not beholding it as I had left it. I never shall forget, tho' I cannot describe, my feelings then and there. I communed with departed years. Then thought I, the blessed home of infancy and childhood is forever passed away. No more will its walls wake the echo of joy and gladness. No more will its fire-side sparkle the reflected pleasure of its happy inmates. No more will its pleasant board anticipate the returning wants of its grateful inhabitants. The fire-side, in which my aged grand-sire used to sit and tell me stories of '68, of jack-horse, wooden guns and painted swords, is now a straggling heap of broken brick. The old-fashioned kitchen, where, in many a long winter's evening, the hours had been sweetly beguiled by "blind-man's buff," "pea, pea, fara plumb," and "catch the handkerchief"; the sleeping rooms, where young fancy had so often sweetened its repose by its midnight sportings; the chambers, grey and sober with age, which had so often witnessed with venerable gravity the frolics of childhood's elastic feelings, now lay in scattered boards and disordered fragments about me. I yet stood upon its decaying timbers. The rain was making its advances upon me and I noticed it not. A sacred awe stole unwarily upon my mind, and I yielded the full tribute of my heart's warmest feelings to departed endearments. Years have rolled away, and in their dim vista that familiar scene still paints itself upon my imagination. In nightly visions of the past, my wakeful fancy replaces me again amid the happy scenes, and again I live over the days of**

**Mysterious.**—The Worcester Transcript relates the following singular occurrence.—“We learn from Mr. Stowell of this town, who was engaged during last week in moving a large house, to make room for an extensive block of stores, on the Dr. Shattuck place, at the corner of Sudbury and Court streets, in Boston, that on Friday, while digging for the new foundation in a corner of the cellar and below the surface of the ground, the workmen discovered a vault bricked up on each side with a sixteen inch wall, and a space within, five and a half feet long, and eighteen inches wide, the whole covered with bricks to the thickness of three feet, and so solid that when all but the last layer of bricks had been removed, several blows with a heavy crowbar were necessary to break into the cavity. The workmen were much animated, expecting to find a hidden treasure, when lo and behold, it contained human bones in a state of great preservation! Even the hair remained in the skull! When, by whom, or for what purpose, this vault was made and its tenant enclosed, are questions involved in profound mystery.”

**THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.**—The large subscription already made to the stock of the projected line between this city and Boston, justifies the immediate prosecution of the work. The company intend to commence erecting posts at this end of the line on Monday next, and to complete the work to New Haven in twenty days thereafter. That a corresponding energy will be manifested at the other terminus is obvious from the spirited resolutions adopted at a meeting in Boston on Monday evening, of which we copy the proceedings. From New Haven to Boston the wire will be stretched over the railway track through Hartford, Springfield and Worcester. The whole line will probably be completed and in operation in sixty days.

[N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

**SAD CATASTROPHE.**—The store-house of a Mr. Dennett, of Hollis, Me., was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last, about five o'clock. Mr. D. lost all his farming tools, 75 bushels of corn, and also other grain—apples and other produce. The barn was saved with much exertion.

The fire was set, as we learn, by a brother of Mr. D., who is what is termed “foolish.” He went out with a bundle of matches, when they took fire by some means—whether purposely or not is unknown—and they caught the shavings. He held on to them until they burned his hand, when he was obliged to drop them. It would seem therefore, as though it was not intentional. Having notified a neighbor of the fire, he ran into the woods out of the way. The loss is \$5 or \$600—with some insurance.—Eastern Argus.

**ANOTHER OUTRAGE.**—Another horrible outrage, similar to the one perpetrated upon Mrs. Burdick, has been committed on a Mrs. Varse, at the same place, viz. Greene in New York. This woman had been married about a year or two, and her husband was suspected in the case of Mrs. Burdick. She had been out near the creek for some purpose, and sat down on a log to rest near the mill pond, when two men came up behind her, blindfolded her, tied her hands, and then threw her into the pond. The woman was got out alive; who the perpetrators are is a mystery, as she did not see them. She says there were two of them. A very great excitement exists in that neighborhood.—[Boston Journal.]

**AN INDIAN STATE.**—The Choctaws have elected one of their chiefs a delegate to Congress. His name is Pitchlyn. He is said to be a man of intellect and commanding influence among his people. The selection of a territorial representative by the Choctaws is regarded as a step towards the organization of an independent government among the Choctaws and the neighboring tribes, with a view to ultimate admission into the Union.

The territory which Pitchlyn will represent in Congress is said to contain some eighty thousand Indian warriors. They consist of many tribes and fragments of tribes, most of them having dwelt on this side of the Mississippi. The lands which they now hold are guaranteed to them by the government of the United States in consideration of the surrender by them of lands which they once occupied in the States.

The Albany Argus advocates the admission of this Indian State into the Union, with a full community of privileges. We presume the native American party will not object to this course.

[Newburyport Herald.]

**Horrible accident.**—Alexander Dogan, a native of Ireland, 45 years of age, was killed in the most terrible manner yesterday afternoon, at the marble works of Mr. Robert J. Brown, corner of Franklin and Greenwich streets. He was attaching the band to a drum attached to some portion of the engine, and was drawn into the machinery and literally torn to pieces, in the most dreadful manner. Portions of his body were found in the chamber under the crank—the head severed from the body and laid open, and legs torn off, and the trunk tore open and bleeding.—[N. Y. Gazette.]

**REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES.**—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, at Washington, states that the receipts from Customs for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1845, will exceed \$25,500,000; from Public Lands \$2,000,000; miscellaneous and incidental sources, \$163,908; making in all, over \$29,700,000. There was a balance in the Treasury 1st July, 1844, of \$7,57,379, 64, which added to the receipts, will make a total of over \$37,500,000.

The expenditures for the same time were about \$30,000,000, which leaves a balance in the Treasury of above \$7,500,000. In the items, the expenditures under the direction of the War Department were very large, being over \$15,000,000, or more than one half of the whole expenses of the government.

**DEATH OF GENERAL ARMISTEAD.**—A general order from the Head Quarters of the Army, announces the death of Brevet Brigadier General W. K. Armistead, Colonel of the U. S. 3d Regiment of Artillery. He died on the 13th at Upperville, Va. The order says of him:

“General Armistead entered the army, a second Lieutenant of engineers, more than forty-two years ago, and in his long career was uniformly distinguished for correct military deportment and the highest moral excellence. For many years he was the chief of the corps of Engineers, whence he was transferred to the head of a marching regiment; and, as a general officer, had, for a campaign (1840—21) the chief command in the war against the Florida Indians. His loss will long be mourned by his surviving brothers in arms; but the benefit of his virtuous example will remain to the service.”

Jacob Cattan, convicted recently of the murder of a widow lady and her grand-son, near Salisbury, N. C., has confessed the crime, and implicated two others (Peyton Hasket and David Valentine,) in the same dreadful crime. They have both been arrested, and are now in prison, awaiting their trial.

**PENNSYLVANIA INTEREST.**—The Philadelphia United States Gazette, expresses the fullest confidence in the ability of Pennsylvania to pay her February interest. It says, that many of the counties, most able and willing to pay their quota, are in reserve for this interest. The State Treasurer, on the 1st inst., had \$270,000 in available funds; and the opinion is expressed, that should there be any deficiency, the Legislature, which will be in session a week before the 1st of February, will make provision for supplying it. It is said to be “A FIXED AND UNALTERABLE DETERMINATION of every individual in the community, that the interest shall be paid for the future.”

A DEATH, INDEED. To-day, the mortal remains of Mrs. Hannah Gough (who died on Sunday, aged 109 years 11 months and 15 days,) are to be interred. Mrs. Gough was in possession of her faculties until the last moment. She had seen and conversed with every President of the United States. When George Washington Parkes Curtis was here, she was sent to go and see him, but was too feeble to accept the invitation.

[N. Y. Exp.]

**THE MORMONS.**—The St. Louis Republican of the 14th inst., appears to anticipate serious trouble in the Mormon country, from the exaggerated state of public feeling in that vicinity. We quote the conclusion of the article, as it tells some stories that we have not heretofore seen:

It is reported to us, though not in such a shape as to justify us in asserting that it is entirely true, that Governor Ford has requested the Mormon leaders to send, immediately, to some other and distant point, all the members of their church who do not hold real estate or have no visible means of support.

In urging this, he is said to have told them that such is the feeling in other counties, that if a fresh outbreak occurs, it is questionable whether the power of the State can be so exerted as to protect them

if the Governor has given such advice, it is a prudent step, and the Mormons should profit by it.

Reports of continued depredations on the property of the Anti-Mormons—the old settlers—continue to reach us from Hancock. We are informed, that during last week, a party of Mormons went into the part of the county, and entered a man's house and stripped it of every thing they thought desirable—the owner and his family being absent at the time.

Mr. Warren, one of Gen. Hardin's aids, arrested two men having possession of the stolen property, on their way into Nauvoo, and brought them back to Warsaw, where, after undergoing an examination, they were committed to the jail at Carthage, to answer for the outrage.

Considerable excitement has been created, especially in the northern part of the county, by the discovery of the murder of an old citizen and Anti-Mormon, of the name of Debonaire. The facts are stated to be, that Mr. Debonaire was returning from Carthage to Pontiac, on the Mississippi, about 12 miles above Nauvoo, where he resides.

He was missed for several days, when the neighbors turned out to search for him. After a search of several days, a party, on Wednesday last, came to a place where the earth seemed to have been lately disturbed. It was in the bottom of a ditch of a prairie fence. Upon examination, the body was found buried a short distance below the surface.

He had been shot by some one in the rear of him; the bullet entered the back part of the head, passing through the brain, and lodging under the skin of the forehead.

The body was found about midway between Carthage and Pontiac, and from appearances, much force had been used to get it into the small hole in which it was buried. No clue had been found to the perpetrators of the offence. Other persons in the county are missing, nor has anything yet been elicited as to the fate of Mr. Wilcox.

All these things, whether they be rightly chargeable to the Mormons or not, contribute to keep up, and spread wider and wider, the spirit of opposition to them, and may, with other exciting causes, lead to serious outbreaks.

We have also a report, very imperfect in its details, that two travellers who left the vicinity of Waukesha a few days ago, to cross the Mississippi at Madison, were missing, and fears were entertained that they had been killed. But we place little confidence in this story.

**DISEASE AMONG THE KAW INDIANS.**—I arrived last night in company with Maj. Cummings, from the Kaw village. On our arrival we found them in a most deplorable condition, having lost in the last two weeks some 68 of their men and women; and as the Indians informed us, perhaps double that number of young—they did not pretend to count individuals in August.

**MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.**—The Examination will be on Friday, the 7th of November. The friends of the school are invited to attend.

#### AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT. Corrected Weekly.

Asches, per 100 lbs.	7 @	8	Provisions,
Beans,	100 @ 25	Clear salt do.	5 @ 6
White,	100 @ 25	Beef, ox.	350 @ 4 50
Pea,	100 @ 25	do. cow.	300 @
Flour,	5 25 @ 5 75	Butter,	14 @ 16
Grain,	54 @ 70	Lard,	9 @ 10
Corn,	30 @ 33	Cheese,	6 @ 8
Oats,	80 @ 100	Mutton,	3 @ 4
Wheat,	67 @ 75	Chickens,	6 @ 9
Rye,	42 @ 50	Geese,	4 @ 5
Barley,	58 @ 100	Eggs,	12 @ 14
Hay, (loose) 90 @ 12 00	Apples, drd.	24 @ 3	
Seed,	6 @ 8	do. cooking,	20 @ 30
Clover,	1 00 @ 1 25	do. winter,	30 @ 40
Flax seed,	1 00 @ 2 00	Potatoes,	30 @ 45
Linseed oil,	87 @ 75	Meat,	67 @ 75
Plaster Paris,	6 @ 100	Rye,	67 @ 77
Lime,	90 @ 95	Wool,	25 @ 40
Thomaston, new ins.	90 @ 95	Pulled,	25 @ 374
		Woolskin,	25 @ 100

Boston Flour and Grain Market, Oct. 25.

**Flour.**—Genesee, common brands, close at \$5.00 per barrel, and fancy brands, \$6. Fredericksburg, new, \$5.75; Georgia, new, \$5.75.

**Grain.**—Corn, advanced, with a good demand and high returns.

**Wool.**—Good soft Southern yellow flat corn, 71 @ 78c—the latter prime; white 65c. Southern oats, 42c. 44c. y. bushel, cash.

**Brighton Market, Oct. 20.**

At Market 2150 Beef Cattle, 1200 Sheep, 3900 Sheep and 2150 Swine.

**Beef Cattle.**—The prices of last week were fully sustained. We quote extra \$4.75; first quality \$4.50; second \$4 @ 4 25; third \$3 25 @ \$3 75.

**Stores.**—Two year old \$8 @ \$15; three year old \$15 @ \$24.

**Sheep.**—Sales of small lots from \$1 to 1 1/2.

**Swine.**—Sheats to pedl. & 3/4c for Sows, and 4 1/2c for Barrows; old Hogs 3 1/2c and 4c. At retail from \$1 1/2 to 5c.

**3c**—The highest medical authorities of the age decided in favor of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, as a remedy for Consumption.

**From the London Morning Herald.**—Sir James Clark, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, in his late Treatise on Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases, bears unequivocal testimony to the sanative influence of Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, in cases of extensive tuberculous disease of the Lungs. Dr. Buchan shows that it is a safe and effective remedy, and authorizes its strong recommendation of his famous remedy.

Dr. Lacock, Physician Accoucheur to Her Majesty the Queen; Dr. Bright, Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty; Sir Benj. C. Brodie, Bart., Surgeon to Her Majesty, and Sir James Eyre, M. D.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis at E. LADD, and S. S. BROOKS, only agents in Augusta.

We have also a report, very imperfect in its de-

tails, that two travellers who left the vicinity of Waukesha a few days ago, to cross the Mississippi at Madison, were missing, and fears were entertained that they had been killed. But we place little confidence in this story.

**MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.**—The Examination will be on Friday, the 7th of November. The friends of the school are invited to attend.

J. HAYNES, Secretary.

Kent's Hill, Oct. 27, 1845.

#### Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rose bower!  
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, on Sunday morning last, by Rev. N. W. Williams No. 9. Cross, of Gardiner, to Miss Evelina Chase of Arrowsay, in the town of Arrowsay, Maine.

On Saturday, on Saturday evening last, by J. L. Varney, East, Hiriam Kincaid to Miss Louisa Cook.

In this town, on Thursday, the 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Williams, Wm. N. Soule, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Norcross.

In Rockport, Mass., on the 19th inst., Eliza Blatchford, of this town, to Eliza T., daughter of the late Capt. George Lane.

In Winslow, 14th inst., by Rev. C. Gardner, William Mathews, Esq., Editor of the Gardiner Blade, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Amasa Dingley, Esq., of the former place.

In Belgrade on the 19th inst., by Thomas Eldred, Esq. Frater Fitchfield, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Samuel F. Frater to Miss Ann Maria Hutchins, both of West Gardner.

In Hallowell, Mr. Noah Green to Miss Sarah Jane Howe, both of Smithfield.

In Hallowell, Mr. Theodore Faught, of Sidney, to Miss Sarah Glitten, of Vassalboro'.

In Sac, Mr. Anson B. Cobb, of Biddeford, to Miss Lydia T. Simot, of S.

In Bangor, Mr. Daniel B. Bane to Miss Rebecca McPheters; also Mr. Daniel Smith to Miss Elizabeth McPheters.

#### Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,  
Thy probation is run,  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the race of immortals begun.

In New Sharon, 22d September, Nathaniel Tibbetts, a Revolutionary Soldier, aged 93; he was the third settler in that town.

On Monday night, Jacob Gifford, aged 25, fell from the yard of a river boat, while riding the sail, and was drowned. It was quite dark, and nothing was heard of him after he fell, he probably was buried by the fall, and sank immediately.

In Monmouth, on Wednesday of last week, Bezer L. Storer. He drowned himself in a pond near which he lived. He had been married but six weeks before, and his wife had left him; we are told, in consequence of a dispute about the division of their property.

In Hallowell, Mr. Noah Green to Miss Sarah Jane Howe, both of Smithfield.

In Hallowell, Mr. Theodore Faught, of Sidney, to Miss Sarah Glitten, of Vassalboro'.

In Saco, Mr. Anson B. Cobb, of Biddeford, to Miss Lydia T. Simot, of S.

In Bangor, Mr. Daniel B. Bane to Miss Rebecca McPheters; also Mr. Daniel Smith to Miss Elizabeth McPheters.

In Wiscasset, Mrs. Temple Lee, widow of the late Judge Lee.

In Ossipee, N. H., Oct. 15th, Mr. John Welch, aged 76.

In Gardner, Orinda S., daughter of

## The Muse.

### Death of an Only Child.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Light footsteps at the door I hear—  
I raise the latch and look;  
My bright-eyed boy—“You art not there;  
With his book,  
Another child, less fair than thou,  
Smiles as he passes by me now.”

Falls on my ear a gentle tone,  
As through the crook I press;—  
“Thee I love, and thee I hold dear;  
Like thine would it were less—  
And then this heart, so big with grief,  
Would not in tears find such relief.”

A gentle hand hath pressed my cheek,  
While in my study-chair;

I seemed to hear thus sweetly speak,

“My father—I am here.”

When, lo! I saw another child,

Who only mocked me as he smiled.

When dimly burns the chamber-light,  
I knew beside thy bed;

I seem to hear thy sweet “good-night,”

But tears profusely shed;

While that couch I look, where wavy

So lately he, now passed away.

And in the morning when I rise,

I hasten to thy room—

But oh! the truth it drowns my eyes—

“Your idol cannot come”;—

Another child could be—

Now sleeping ‘neath the valley’s shade—

How could it be—my God—my God!

### Home and Friends.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Ob, there’s a power to make each hour

As sweet as heaven designed it;

Though few there be that find it;

We seek too high for things close by;

And lose what nature found us;

For life hath here no charm so dear

As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy

For future hopes—and praise them,

Whilst flowers as sweet bloom in their feet;

If we’d but stop to raise them;

When youth’s bright spell hath bound us;

But soon we’re taught that earth has taught

Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,

When Hope’s last rent is shaken,

To chisel us still, that come what will,

Then all we hold dear if but the light

From Friendship’s altar crowns us,

’Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—

Our Home and Friends around us!

**The Story Teller.**

### THE CLAY COVE MECHANIC.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Let others sing of lips and eyes,  
As more than half divine—

The virtues of the heart I prize—

And these, I know, are thine.

Do you think I would have anything to say to young Clinton? He must know I do not wish to see him, and yet he persists in calling at the house?"

"But Charles is a fine young man. He has an excellent disposition. You have noticed his kind feelings and generous character. And there are no bad traits about him. Why, I am surprised to hear you talk so."

"Charles is well enough in his way, but you know his father and mother—they still live in that wretched old shell in Clay Cove, and haven't decent furniture. I should be ashamed to call there."

"I know his parents are very poor, and that his father has been a drinking man. But he has joined the temperance society, and I understand he provides better for his family, and is striving to obtain a good living."

"That may be true, but I can never forget old Clinton, even though he has reformed. He has always belonged to the lower classes."

"But I'm sure Charles behaves like a gentleman. If his parents are poor and wretched, he should not be treated unkindly, provided he behaves well and sustains a good character."

"True—but he has got nothing—is only a mechanic, and will always have to work for a living."

"Only a mechanic, you say? But what was your father and my father?"

"But they worked only a little themselves and employed others. Now they are independent. No matter what our fathers were—Time has changed. I shall have nothing further to say to Clinton. If he calls at the house, I shall contrive to be busy up stairs.—You may see him and talk with him as much as you like—but I won't."

"You talk foolishly—especially as Charles is as likely a young man as we have in our neighborhood."

"Every one to her liking," said the girl as she left the room.

Clara and Mary Edwards were cousins, and about the same age. The former had been brought up with false notions. Her standard of respectability was a fine exterior, graceful manners and a heavy purse. She had often declared in the presence of her cousin that she would never associate with a mechanic, more especially if he sprang from a poor family.—But Mary had different views. She respected all men, whether dressed in broadcloth or homespun, and was as particular in her attentions to the day laborer of good character, as to the individual who prided himself on his birth, wealth and education.

Charles Clinton was the son of a poor sail-maker. His father had been in low circumstances for many years, brought on by his intemperate habits, and he could barely earn sufficient to keep his family together. His mother was a prudent and industrious woman, and it was mainly owing to her exertions that they had kept together for so long a time. At an early age Charles left school, and went to learn the trade of a printer. He was industrious and obliging, and gained the respect not only of his master, but his fellow apprentices. Instead of spending his evenings or his few leisure hours, in the day, among the vicious and profane, or in walking the streets in idleness, he would obtain some useful work and peruse it. He would frequently carry home the newspapers of the day, when he had nothing else to read, and thus endeavor to improve his mind. In this way he became intelligent—how could he otherwise?—and won the good will of all who knew him. At times he would take a sheet of paper, and sit in the little room with his mother, endeavoring to place his thoughts upon paper. Charles was never idle; he was either at work with his hands or with his mind.

When Clinton became of age, he was me-

ployed by his master and received good wages for services. At this time Charles was acquainted with but few females; among these, however, was Clara Edwards, at whose residence he visited, he being more particularly acquainted with her father. He was cordially received by the family, but Clara endeavored to manifest her dislike to him in various ways. He held to no views which she did not oppose, and would converse with him on no subject.—Once he invited her to accompany him to a pleasant retreat, but she refused, by saying she was engaged; but remained at home all day.

One evening he found most of the family had gone and she was alone. He endeavored to interest her by introducing various topics of conversation, but she manifested no interest in his remarks and he remained but a short time. This was before her cousin had arrived from the country. When she came, he found one who was willing to converse—who behaved like a lady to all who visited the house.

Mary Edwards had been at her cousin's about a week, when the conversation at the commencement of our story took place. A day or two after, Charles called at the house, but the moment Clara saw him enter the door, she left the room. Mary accepted a polite invitation to accompany him to a concert, and in a few moments she was ready. They passed an agreeable evening. She had sooner returned to the house than her cousin exclaimed—

"What a fool to be seen with Clinton! I should be ashamed of myself. No one who thinks any thing of herself will go with him. I don't believe our kitchen girl would have gone with him."

"To speak as I think, Clara, Charles is a gentleman, and I esteem it an honor that he should invite me."

"O, luddy—I shall faint," exclaimed Clara.

"You are a strange girl. Since I have been in Portland this last time, I have seen no young man with whose appearance I am so favorably impressed as with Clinton's."

"Then, really you are in love with the mechanic—the son of a Clay Cove sail-maker."

"In love with his appearance, I am."

"And you may marry him in welcome. O dear, what strange things will take place," said Clara with a contemptuous smile.

Poor Clara had been doubly paid for her folly, and repented in dust and ashes the stand she took against the poor mechanic. Her husband has but little education and no energy, and is in every sense, a poor tool.

Mary Clinton, has too good a heart to reproach her cousin, and has been uncommonly kind and generous to her.

All is not gold that shines. Let the reader learn this lesson from the above story. Judge not a man by his business or profession, but look to the heart and disposition. Reproach no man on account of the sins and poverty of his parents. The rarest gems are often found on a dung-hill. Let this be the lesson you learn and our story will not have been written in vain.

friends good-bye, she took the stage and was on her way home to Lewiston.

Her cousin had not been gone many weeks before a young man by the name of Henry Watson commenced his visits to the home of Clara. He had made her acquaintance at a ball room, and was just such a character as suited the foolish girl. His father was a man of wealth, who resided in a large house, and who had bro't his son up in folly and idleness.

Instead of putting him in a counting room or a mechanic's shop, he suffered him to walk about in idleness until he was eighteen or twenty years of age; and then he was too old to learn a trade. He was furnished with pocket money and dressed extravagantly, associating mostly with those who had no regular business.

In the course of a few years both Mary and Clara were married. One to the industrious mechanic—the other to the fashionable fop. As the tastes of the two girls were so different, they seldom saw each other. Clinton took a small house and commenced life as he thought he was able to go through. But Watson hired a large house and had it elegantly furnished.

Ten or fifteen years have passed away since the cousins were married. As you pass up one of our most pleasant streets, you will notice a beautiful white house, with healthy trees before it. Every thing is neat and commodious about the dwelling. It is the residence of Charles Clinton. He owes not a dollar towards it. Besides his independent circumstances, he is honored and respected by all who know him, and has frequently been promoted to offices of trust. By his industry and energy the mechanic has risen to his present respectable standing in the world.

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There are thousands of people in this country, who make use of the common expression, "my name is Haines," when they are about leaving a place or party suddenly, yet few know from whence the expression is derived. More common saying, or one in more general use, has never been got up. We hear it in Maine and in Georgia, in Maryland and in Arkansas; it is in the mouths of the old and the young, the grave and the gay—in short, "my name is Haines" enjoys a popularity which no other cant phrase has ever attained. Having said this much of the reputation of the phrase, be it our next care to give its origin.

Some forty-five years since, a gentleman named Haines was travelling on horseback in the vicinity of Mr. Jefferson's residence in Virginia. Party spirit was running extremely high in those days. Mr. Jefferson was President, and Mr. Haines was a rank federalist, and as a matter of course, a bitter opponent to the then existing administration and its head, accidentally coming up with that gentleman, also travelling on horseback, his party zeal soon led him into conversation upon the absorbing topic. In the course of the conversation Haines took particular pains to abuse Mr. Jefferson, called him all sorts of hard names, run down every measure of his administration, poked the non-intercourse act at him as most outrageous and ruinous, ridiculed his gun-boat system as preposterous and nonsensical, opposed his purchase of Louisiana as a wild scheme—in short, took every leading feature of the day, descended on them and their originator with the greatest bitterness. Mr. Jefferson all the while said little. There was no such thing as getting away from his particular friend, and he did not exactly feel at liberty to combat his arguments.

They finally arrived in front of Mr. Jefferson's residence, Haines, of course, acquainted with the fact. Notwithstanding he had been abused and vilified "like a pick-pocket," to use an old saying, Mr. Jefferson, with the true Virginian hospitality and politeness, invited his travelling companion to alight and partake of some refreshment. Haines was about getting from his horse, when it occurred to him that he should ask his companion's name.

"Jefferson," said the President, blandly.

"What! Thomas Jefferson?"

"Yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson."

"President Thomas Jefferson," continued the astonished federalist.

"The same," rejoined Mr. Jefferson.

"Well, my name is Haines," and putting spurs to his horse, he was out of hearing instantly. This, we are informed, was the origin of the phrase.

A PRINCE.—There was a fellow on the master field clad in a large camlet cloak, under which there appeared to be something large and unwieldy. A friend of ours watched him for some time, and noticed several persons go up to him, when he would whisper something into their ears, then bend down, and after a few minutes they would separate, and he would assume an upright position. Our friend was determined to solve the mystery and see what all this meant—so watching an opportunity, he made up to him and whispered, "What have you got here?"—The man with the camlet cloak eyed him for a moment, and then answered "Brandy and water—only four-pence a glass." It appeared that he had a two gallon stone jug filled with brandy and water, which he doled out at fourpence a glass. That man was a genius.—[Lowell Courier.]

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